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DO YOUR BEST.

BY CLARA DORIA.

Do whatever good you can,
Show you are no grieving man;
Exult on scorn, and fear no foe—
Do your best!

There is work for all to do;
Then be up and doing, too;
With a full success in view,
Do your best!

Hesitate not most surely you!
Now's the moment to begin;
Work for virtue, honor, true,
Do your best!

All around are forces great;
Serve your heart and mind your hand,
Till with power elate
Do your best!

Hail not trembling in the way;
Mould your work on while it is day;
Life is labor more than play;
Do your best!

Let the carping ones deride,
Bear each sneer by scorn's a-side,
And His eyes your feet shall guide—
Do your best!

Men may cease, but let them frown;
Labor lives all scoffing down;
If it writes for heaven's crown—
Do your best!

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE CAVE QUEEN," "THE "WHITE HERMIT," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

A NEW PLOT DEVELOPED.

As Dr. Mason drove near the cottage, he saw the light of the lamp shining from the open windows, and heard Hester singing to her mother. She was a brilliant performer on the piano, and her voice was sweet and clear-toned, though it lacked expression. There was an occasional metallic ring in it, which might have affected a key to her nature, if he had noticed it; but he was not aware that it had been too much under her control.

Macon softly closed the gate and entered up the slanted pathway to the house. A small portico was in front of it, and on this he light-ly sprang, that he might obtain a view of the interior. Mrs. Blake lay upon a sofa with her head resting on a pillow, and her face was in the light of the lamp; and Hester, in her rose-hued ribbons, sat at the piano with her polished harmonica, the two fleecy windows of the little parlor. The softened light which filtered through the hazy shade of ground glass fell upon her brilliant face and graceful form, and the man who looked in on her vowed anew that this adorable creature should not escape him.

Suddenly she arose, and turning to her mother, asked:

"Are you asleep, mother? I am so restless that I can play no longer. I hope you have had music enough for one evening."

Mrs. Blake indolently removed her arm, and with a strange glitter in her handsome black eyes, replied:

"You are a triumphal march, Hester, for something tells me that the hero I have so long waited for is coming to-night. I feel as if I have a familiar spirit that appears to me occasionally, foreshadowing that which is soon to come to pass. The night we left home I associated when a child had many superstitions, and in spite of my abandonment I am not entirely free from them. I believe that I shall soon have as good cause to sing a song of re-turn as Deborah had, when she rejoiced over Jabin and Sisera."

Hester lightly replied, as she resumed her seat at the piano and struck off a brilliant march:

"I think you would have little cause to rejoice if you were to receive one now before my claims upon him are definitely settled."

Macon distinctly heard the words of both, and he smiled as he thought the unconscious the speakers were of the hold he had gained upon the listener. He was glad that he was bringing to his woman the information that would confirm her premonition, and that the girl he had come to love should be placed beyond possibility before he made his presence known, and the door opened, he heard Hester say, in a merry tone:

"I guess, mother, that I fear that Dr. Mason will not come that evening. I've sent so much to him about those unfortunate people that he's going to see that I suppose he has a dozen cases on hand. I suppose he was so occupied that he couldn't possibly leave the city."

"I would fear time to get you under any circumstances, Miss Hester," he said, advancing toward the window, "and I am here to-night to make sure of you, and I hope to succeed."

She uttered a little shriek, and cried out:

"How you startled me, Dr. Mason! I supposed you been out there, Dr. Macon? It is hardly safe for a man to be seen in the moonlight, sir."

"Pardon me, my fairest, if I have done wrong in penning a few moments to listen to the charming you perform so deftly," he said, touch-ing his hat, and I am particularly fond of music."

"Then I will play no more," she re-plied, with a slight sneer, "for I am not trying to please any one."

He entered the room at her voice, and sig-nified, with a slight inclination of his head, his gratitude for your implied contempt for mon-sense, they somewhat subdued a wounded pride.

"I hope you have not come here with the intention of bidding me adieu, Dr. Macon, for your order, Doctor. At any rate, you've made your belligerent intentions felt, you have told me the news. The monotony of our life is at an end, and we watched for you to become as a variety."

"Mother, you are very slander-ish," was the response, made with a degree of indignity he had never vouchsafed to her before, and Hester, who was quick-witted as he was, thought:

"He has found out something that cost me dear. He may have written to or-der home, and heard the rumors made by my mother. If the man was on my mental plane with me, I should be alarmed; as it is, I shall prove more than a match for him, to spite of all he can do."

By this time Macon was in the room, and Miss Blake arose from her recumbent position, looking paler than he had ever seen her, but quite composed. She said:

"Hester had almost given you up, Doctor, but I felt certain that you would be here before the evening was over. My daughter has been a little fine with music, which is one of the few enjoyments of my life. I have been a great sufferer, sir, since Mr. Davis calmed feet, she has always been to me through her skilful fingers."

She motioned him to a seat on the sofa, and after taking it he glanced curiously from mother to daughter, and said:

"You seem very fond of the old Hebrew narrative, Mrs. Blake. Whether you think of the story of Sisera? By the way, I believe that is the name of the hero."

She raised her eyes to his with a defiant ex-pression, and said:

"Yes, my name is Hagar, and I was named after the mother of that man whom band was raised against that of every other one. I have thought a great deal about the fate of my namesake, for I, too, could happily have evaded the decree that sent her forth into the wilderness, and I would have fled with her and the sons to minister to her and her son in their dire extremity."

She ended coldly, fiercely, and Hester said:

"This is no time to discuss the Israelitish-*ther* can come afterward, if it is absolutely ne-cessary. Tell me about the people that were wounded by that railroad accident: were any of them killed? For a little while you seemed scared that a friend we are expecting was on the train, and rightly a letter could not get to mind so quickly."

"No one was killed; about twenty persons were bruised and scratched, and there were a few broken limbs. But two of the passengers were dangerously hurt: one of them will die, the other may recover, but she is suffering from concussion of the brain. My will may bring her through, but it will be a hard struggle for life."

She fixed Hester's wavy exaggerate the danger, and you may imagine that I am not the cure," and Hester laughingly. "You sorry for the poor man. Did you find out his name and that of the lady?"

"Yes; he told me his name, and the young girl is his daughter. Hester, when I looked on her, I could almost have sworn that she is your sister."

"Sorry of short and sudden pain raised from her chair, and she looked at her mother, who said:

"You have been called to attend to some one to the death-bed of its sister in connection with the accident, Hester? If so, you will be able to write to me that he would not leave Cape May till to-morrow?"

Mr. Landry told me that he was on his way to New York with his daughter, intending to leave her there and return here, when he was arrested in his travels by meeting the spoke of your daughter, Mrs. Blake, and ex-pressed a desire to see you and speak with her; but he expressly stated that he was not on any account to be permitted to leave them. I came hither to request Hester to go to him at as early an hour to-morrow morning as possible."

Mrs. Blake turned fiercely upon him, and said:

"Did he tell you why he wished to see Hes-ter, sir? Answer me!"

"I did not, madam," said Macon, as if all power of astonishment was lost in that one moment, "for he was master of the field, and he coolly said:

"Mrs. Blake is nearly related to him, and has claims on him for a service which he has never been made. His trunk, containing the settle-ment, he had prepared for her, was destroyed by the burning of the baggage car, and he wishes to see her to make sure that she has what his intentions were. His daughter, he says, will literally carry out his wishes, but she is in a condition to understand them. Mr. Landry explained nothing to me, but he was in a great hurry, and he said some strange things about you, Mrs. Blake. I am shrewd enough to put things together, and I believe since I fully understand the relation in which you stand related to him, and the gratitude concerning Hester.

The two women listened to him with paling cheeks and panting breath. The secret they had thought so safe was his, and the first thought that came from her agitated lips was the words to make it it, and how far did his knowledge extend?

Hester accused the challenge by had thrown down, and she presently spoke as calmly as before.

"If I had consented to become your wife, Dr. Macon, that is, had I been the daughter of Mr. Landry would not have been concealed from you. I am a good-natured soul, and I possess a legal claim upon his fortune; let that suffice, and I will promise you that you shall have a portion of the last instructions, and that I have what provision he desires for his daughter. If you are ready to go with you at any moment, to-night, if you think it advisable."

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Hester accused

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was an destitute of feeling as she was of principle, and she now lifted her dark eyes to the face of her lover, and nestling her hand in his, softly said:

"With your aid, Julian, we can do what my mother wishes, and for my sake you will not refuse."

It was the first time she had ever called him by his first name, and in a transport of joy and gratitude, he raised the fair hand to his lips, and tenderly said:

"I would risk a great deal for your sake, Hester; and with calm, I think this time can be done without danger to any of us. Only shall I get leave to be absent a week? I feel that I amply paid for any assistance I may render."

"How can I help loving the man who will enable me to escape from the hard life of poverty which so lately seemed my lot in life? When I am acknowledged and received as the heiress of my father's fortune, you may claim my hand, and with it will go my heart. You will help me to manage the large estate that must fall to me, and together we will enjoy the prosperity you will aid me to win."

"And you will be true to me, Hester? You will not suffer your thoughts to wander to any other than your plighted husband? I shall be jealous, and jealousy is a curse to a thing as dark happened."

"With such a prospect before us such fancies, Julian? Would you? I have no fear on my score, for I am sure you will be true to me, and even as I am to you."

This conversation will be speedily interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Blake's maid, who said:

"Miss Hester, I should be in the wrong if I did not fully respond to the generous affection you profess for my mistress, and sincerity, are vanquished, Julian, by the power of the great passion I cede your hand and plighted. I am yours to claim whenever the time comes in which it will be important for me to quite our destinies."

She then stepped forward and kissed her betrothed, murmuring his thanks and blessings.

Mrs. Blake had retired to the back room to the window while this communion went on, but she now turned abruptly and said:

"It grows very late, and it is time for you to go, Mr. Mallor. It will not do for the people of the village commenting on the hours of your return from my house. When you leave, however, we must settle what is to be done in the future."

He arose himself at this, and promptly replied:

"I could come back at 8 o'clock in the morning, to my carriage, to take Hester to see her father. She will be anxious to see his room and you can follow her at your own convenience. But what will you do with the rich invalid, maiden; and how are you to get along for the months in which you help, after the old man and his wife leave?"

"I have already thought of that. Miller and I will still keep our present charge of the house. There is a German girl to whom Hester has been very kind, who will be glad to live with a family of relations, who will be glad to get her a good place. She has also promised me to take her as my daughter's maid, when she has learned such a luxury as that. Eunice Barker is a competent cook for a small family, and I shall not be afraid to be on the death. I have already sent my daughter from passing with others, and will her to assist me in my housekeeping. I can get along very well. She will come to me, I know, at a moment's notice."

Mason regarded her with intense admiration.

"Upon my word, you are a wonderful woman, Mrs. Blake. You can certainly be ready to execute as promptly as Napoleon on the field of battle. I am glad that I am one who has to fight to friend as important to me as Waterloo was to the Duke of Wellington, and I hardly think we shall need the assistance of the great Captain."

"We shall have no traitors in the camp to betray us to defeat and shame," she replied. "We will be true to each other, and as a beginning in earnest we must secure the prize for which we contend."

I shall go with pelt heart and hand," said Mallor, gallantly, "and I will see that Miss Hester is ready for Hester to-morrow, but after taking her to Mr. Landry, I will return here and assist you to remove to the farm with your new attendant. Of course you must claim those articles you will need to account for your interest in them; but in what degree of relationship are they to stand to you?"

"They are of my daughter's blood, not mine, and for the time being Mr. Landry can pose as the nearest degree of kindred will account for the likeness between the two girls."

"You think of everything, Mrs. Blake; such a conductor; I begin to believe that defeat will be impossible."

"If defeat comes to us, it will be through treachery exercised among ourselves. I am not afraid of it anyone side, for you are as much interested in our success as myself and my daughter and I are not likely to be false to ourselves. Hester will be true to you as the luckiest thing of right belongs to her, for she loves you with all her heart."

"And on which she will still with grace and honor to herself and all connected with her," said Mason, with enthusiasm.

The less that is said about honor the better," said Hester, with a scornful smile. "I only go in for success, and we can only win that by being true to each other," and she added, assuming an expression of candor, "and I promise you that I will be true to you."

"And honest as not the only thing that binds us together," said Mallor, with a bland stroke—lasting as his used to be, Julian?"

Mason passionately answered, as he bidded her interesting form in his arms:

"I am yours, to do or death all for your sake."

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. MILLER COUNTS HERSELF IN.

When Mason at last left, he himself away, Mrs. Blake turned to her daughter and quietly said:

"Go now and unlock the door of Mrs. Miller's room, Hester. That woman is a spy upon us, and I must listen to every word she utters."

The daughter was standing by the open window, vaguely looking down on the darkness. She turned at the words, but all the light had gone out of her face, and it was almost savage in its sternness as she confronted her mother.

"I will go and attend to that at once, I had forgotten that woman, and her wonderful ear, which I have passed through in the last hour."

Mrs. Blake regarded her with a faint expression of compassion, but she only said:

"Don't be a fool, Hester. Go and do as I bid you; then come to me in my own room, and we can talk over what has happened to-night."

Hester went out as she was bidden, and Mrs. Blake closed the windows and locked the doors that led to the piazza, and then she took up the lamp, and together they entered her chamber, which was on the other side of the hall. Hester's bedroom opened from it, and access to it was only gained through the larger apartment.

Mrs. Blake placed the lamp upon the dressing-stand, and turning to her daughter, coolly said:

"Hester darling, why is your brow so clouded, and your manner so changed since our visitor left us? I've passed into my bed-room to-night that I thought you had quite made up your mind that sacrifices are necessary to be made."

Hester threw herself upon a wide chintz-covered sofa that stood on one side of the apartment, and moodily replied:

"I did all that, mother, for you; that man has us in his power I see clearly enough, and nothing was left us but to conciliate him. He loves me with a sort of wild passion which I do not like to do with anyone, and yet I feel he is cruel as death, and he could be revengeful as the devil himself. I am afraid of him false now, but I will fight for you and my fair to him! But I loathe him to that degree that I am almost tempted to give up all that you are scheming to win for me, if it is to be shared with him."

Mrs. Blake sat down beside her, and took her passive hand in her own, caressing it softly. She presently said:

"It is better for a woman to be fervently loved by a man she marries, than to be coldly regarded by him. I see your love is the result of your fancy for Julian, but I do not exercise that over the man you marry. Dr. Mason is not equal to Julian in appearance, better for our purposes. Think what he will command when he has the management and position it, unless our plans are carried out. Your father has made a will bequeathing all the income I have been allowed dies with me to you, and the principal to the children of his daughter, if we permit her to claim her share.

"Should you marry Dr. Mason you will be more anxious to accede to my plans than you now appear to be."

Hester arose, and lightly touching her mother's forehead with her lips, she said:

"It will be as well to allow me opportunity to consider, mother, of my father. It will be time enough to be liberal enough to intend to share with my sister, and I have not much tender memories as she would be likely to have of my father. I will go and attend to some of what may hereafter happen may be no less than good."

Mrs. Blake's eyes flashed, and a dangerous light came into them, as she said:

"You think nothing of us, and you are only considering your own interests. Be strong home this carriage as the same desire of me for that girl's mother. Who is she, that she should be of her own, and you the eldest born too! Hester, if you elect to give up the brilliant prospects opening before you, and at the same time snatch from me the fruition of my long-regarded desire for vengeance, I hardly think that I can find it in my heart to forgive you. There, go—leave me—we have said enough, and more than enough for to-night. I shall not sleep through its long hours, but you will, for you are young, and—and careless of what others may feel or suffer."

Without making any reply, the girl left the room, and closing the door, took the lamp that stood on a table, closed it, and then entered her own room, where she was in the habit of sleeping with Mrs. Blake.

She was now entirely alone, that she might think over all that had passed this evening, and try to make up her mind to the course she would ultimately pursue.

If Dr. Mason had not thrust himself into her presence, and allowed his love for her to have embraced these, and labored with her to win her, she would have had no occasion to decide for great wealth, and a position that would be the envy of all her associates. But the temptation of sharing her property with Mason was more than she could resist, however obtained; but Dr. Mason was not, and she balanced the two against each other till she was weary and heart-sick over her own indecision.

"After all, the final decision must be made after I have seen what my father will be like. He is old, and may be infirm, and he is the one to whom I must look for my will. Ah, if he should be a man to be influenced by flattery, and will be vain upon his heart and endow my sister with the wealth that would be a temptation, and that poor girl from the fate of poverty!

"This commencing with herself, she at last fell into a restless slumber, in which she dreamed that she was hovering on the brink of a dark precipice. Dr. Mason was below endeavoring to thrust her, while he cried out that he would save her if she would be his wife. Julian Mallor was also there, and he threatened to throw him into the bottomless pit, and pay the penalty of his crime.

Hester would have been in a terrible dilemma, while she battled in perspiration, and trembled with fear, had not Julian Mallor awakened her from it was only a dream, her self-possession returned, and she remembered that she had almost fool as if it will be better to trust to her self-control than to the love of any one of my father's whom, that to marry that man. If my father is like me, he will appreciate my motive, and will be pleased with my conduct, and give evidence in our favor. We should have nothing to fear from any unfavorable will assertions, and you would speedily find that they would not be of the slightest use in the estimation of Arsenal Landry's executors. Besides, suppose the worst should happen, and your father could not give you more than a pittance from his will, you would still have The estate belong to his children, not to him. Your mother's share is secured to her by law, and by the same rule your father's share, according, nor would you be happy unless you could have the means to indulge in luxury. With the half of his fortune in your possession, you could live in the style of a princess before you, and do not weakly shrink from the sacrifice which will be required to enable you to claim it as your own."

"I will not shrink, I will not," Hester was, then in her sleep, and she awoke with the words upon her lips, and sat up in bed, trembling with fear.

There was a passionate quiver in her voice that would have startled Mason, could he have heard it, for he was the only person in the world to whom she ever betrayed such a luxury.

Such words from an empress to Hester, Mason's love would have been lost, and Hester's fortune would have been secured, and that was all that she cared for. Her self-control would not have allowed her to be so completely in his power. After what has passed between them, he would not dare to but to carry out the plans we agreed on. He would betray and ruin us, if we endeavored to play him false."

"Yes, he will, and that is why I hate him so! It is true that I have let him dance attendance upon me, and that I have led him on until I felt it was necessary to show him that he was not to be trifled with, but I do not care, and I would not have given my heart to a more eligible person come along, but I never thought of marrying him. I like him well enough as a friend, but I do not like him, with his pale face, and his cold, calculating manner, and I should not like a dark, color-colored whiskers, to attract a young girl! I am beautiful, and I am fitted to a better man than Dr. Mason, and it is a cruel fate that has thrown me in his power. I will not be false to him, but I will not be false to Julian till expectation of gaining the last."

"There is a great deal of love for me, but not, seem to appreciate," said Mrs. Blake, gravely. "I am sorry that you have such a secret of divinity't to be cherished as the most precious of all sentiments, and that you are incapable of doing what Julian promises to do for you! He runs the same risk that we do, and he does it for your sake, you ingrateful girl!"

"Don't! Don't you suppose that I have an eye to his own advantage too? If I am to become his wife, I am to be mistress of Estelle Landry's thousands, as I shall."

"That may be true, but I think he has got all the same without them; I am quite sure that Arsenal Landry never intended that he evidently does, would have spoken as he did to you to-night. Julian Mallor is not him the scheme that miscarried. If he had not been sure of success he would not have dared to have given the slightest hint of what he should never have dared to take him into any confidence at all."

Hester moodily said:

"I am about to do what you did so, for now there is no alternative, I suppose, but utter ruin and exposure to all of us, and I am not master. Fah! The very thought of him makes me sick with loathing! I shall be compelled to marry him, but I will not be false to him, and I will be honest, for I really believe he will be such a husband as will be more practical as he seems.

"You are a most unpracticable hunter to-night, Hester, and you are excited by the novel position in which you have been placed. It will be best for you to retire now, and calmly think over all that has passed between you and Julian Mallor. Good-night. After you have seen Mr. Landry to-morrow you will be more anxious to accede to my plans than you now appear to be."

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"Yes, he will, and that is why I hate him so! It is true that I have let him dance attendance upon me, and that I have led him on until I felt it was necessary to show him that he was not to be trifled with, but I do not care, and I would not have given my heart to a more eligible person come along, but I never thought of marrying him. I like him well enough as a friend, but I do not like him, with his pale face, and his cold, calculating manner, and I should not like a dark, color-colored whiskers, to attract a young girl! I am beautiful, and I am fitted to a better man than Dr. Mason, and it is a cruel fate that has thrown me in his power. I will not be false to him, but I will not be false to Julian till expectation of gaining the last."

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"Don't! Don't you suppose that I have an eye to his own advantage too? If I am to become his wife, I am to be mistress of Estelle Landry's thousands, as I shall."

"That may be true, but I think he has got all the same without them; I am quite sure that Arsenal Landry never intended that he evidently does, would have spoken as he did to you to-night. Julian Mallor is not him the scheme that miscarried. If he had not been sure of success he would not have dared to have given the slightest hint of what he should never have dared to take him into any confidence at all."

Hester moodily said:

"I am about to do what you did so, for now there is no alternative, I suppose, but utter ruin and exposure to all of us, and I am not master. Fah! The very thought of him makes me sick with loathing! I shall be compelled to marry him, but I will not be false to him, and I will be honest, for I really believe he will be such a husband as will be more practical as he seems.

"You are a most unpracticable hunter to-night, Hester, and you are excited by the novel position in which you have been placed. It will be best for you to retire now, and calmly think over all that has passed between you and Julian Mallor. Good-night. After you have seen Mr. Landry to-morrow you will be more anxious to accede to my plans than you now appear to be."

Hester arose, and lightly touching her mother's forehead with her lips, she said:

"It will be as well to allow me opportunity to consider, mother, of my father. It will be time enough to be liberal enough to intend to share with my sister, and I have not much tender memories as she would be likely to have of my father. I will go and attend to some of what may hereafter happen may be no less than good."

Mrs. Blake's eyes flashed, and a dangerous light came into them, as she said:

"You think nothing of us, and you are only considering your own interests. Be strong home this carriage as the same desire of me for that girl's mother. Who is she, that she should be of her own, and you the eldest born too! Hester, if you elect to give up the brilliant prospects opening before you, and at the same time snatch from me the fruition of my long-regarded desire for vengeance, I hardly think that I can find it in my heart to forgive you. There, go—leave me—we have said enough, and more than enough for to-night. I shall not sleep through its long hours, but you will, for you are young, and—and careless of what others may feel or suffer."

Without making any reply, the girl left the room, and closing the door, took the lamp that stood on a table, closed it, and then entered her own room, where she was in the habit of sleeping with Mrs. Blake.

She was now entirely alone, that she might think over all that had passed this evening, and try to make up her mind to the course she would ultimately pursue.

If Dr. Mason had not thrust himself into her presence, allowed his love for her to have embraced these, and labored with her to win her, she would have had no occasion to decide for great wealth, and a position that would be the envy of all her associates. But the temptation of sharing her property with Mason was more than she could resist, however obtained; but Dr. Mason was not, and she balanced the two against each other till she was weary and heart-sick over her own indecision.

"After all, the final decision must be made after I have seen what my father will be like. He is old, and may be infirm, and he is the one to whom I must look for my will. Ah, if he should be a man to be influenced by flattery, and will be vain upon his heart and endow my sister with the wealth that would be a temptation, and that poor girl from the fate of poverty!

"This commencing with herself, she at last fell into a restless slumber, in which she dreamed that she was hovering on the brink of a dark precipice. Dr. Mason was below endeavoring to thrust her, while he cried out that he would save her if she would be his wife. Julian Mallor was also there, and he threatened to throw him into the bottomless pit, and pay the penalty of his crime.

Hester would have been in a terrible dilemma, while she battled in perspiration, and trembled with fear, had not Julian Mallor awakened her from it was only a dream, her self-possession returned, and she remembered that she had almost fool as if it will be better to trust to her self-control than to the love of any one of my father's whom, that to marry that man. If my father is like me, he will appreciate my motive, and will be pleased with my conduct, and give evidence in our favor. We should have nothing to fear from any unfavorable will assertions, and you would speedily find that they would not be of the slightest use in the estimation of Arsenal Landry's executors. Besides, suppose the worst should happen, and your father could not give you more than a pittance from his will, you would still have The estate belong to his children, not to him. Your mother's share is secured to her by law, and by the same rule your father's share, according, nor would you be happy unless you could have the means to indulge in luxury. With the half of his fortune in your possession, you could live in the style of a princess before you, and do not weakly shrink from the sacrifice which will be required to enable you to claim it as your own."

"I will not shrink, I will not," Hester was, then in her sleep, and she awoke with the words upon her lips, and sat up in bed, trembling with fear.

There was a passionate quiver in her voice that would have startled Mason, could he have heard it, for he was the only person in the world to whom she ever betrayed such a luxury.

Such words from an empress to Hester, Mason's love would have been lost, and Hester's fortune would have been secured, and that was all that she cared for. Her self-control would not have allowed her to be so completely in his power. After what has passed between them, he would not dare to but to carry out the plans we agreed on. He would betray and ruin us, if we endeavored to play him false."

"Yes, he will, and that is why I hate him so! It is true that I have let him dance attendance upon me, and that I have led him on until I felt it was necessary to show him that he was not to be trifled with, but I do not care, and I would not have given my heart to a more eligible person come along, but I never thought of marrying him. I like him well enough as a friend, but I do not like him, with his pale face, and his cold, calculating manner, and I should not like a dark, color-colored whiskers, to attract a young girl! I am beautiful, and I am fitted to a better man than Dr. Mason, and it is a cruel fate that has thrown me in his power. I will not be false to him, but I will not be false to Julian till expectation of gaining the last."

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Massachusetts farmer, on the road between Chatton and Worcester, having been treated with a ride in a railroad car, by the side of a sewing machine-wanted here. Good man! I was the one, he said, the rear drummer wanted to see the machine, "and perhaps he'd hitch up a trade." So the farmer said, "Get the machine over here." The machine was brought, and the farmer began a dreamy fruitfulness mind with the machine, who smilingly said, "Seein' you've got a machine, I reckon you'll have no occasion to buy one."

Grave Joke.—News came to a band of fugitives that a terrible fire had broken out, or had died suddenly, "and been laid in the silent tomb." Some were grieved, and some were indifferent; but one old man, who had been long known to be intelligent observer of things on the other side, and who was supposed to have a little superstitious vein, when he disgusted the entire circle by suddenly exclaiming among them in the flesh. Some unsympathetic way had victimized the ragging man.

A Charley Brown you been doing anything to the place while I was out? Some of the boys won't work at all. No, sir, I didn't intend to do it; but Tom said there was a mouse in it, so I just knocked up the top with a pair of tongs to frighten it, and they made such an awful noise that I thought I'd better not touch it, for I don't like to have a row in the house, perhaps the mouse is there yet."

A Modern expression started off, one day last week, to transport a piano, carefully packed in a wagon, and the driver, after the usual preliminary warm, and finally, while wiping the perspiration from his brow, he remarked to the man who was in the straw, the piano at the time being already in the wagon:

Happy for Five Dollars, pendleton.—Accompanied with the cash, will be sent to any address, per express, one of those "Dollar Watches," and young men from a distance, of course, will find it to their advantage to send for one. Should the minister, could be made useful happy by calling on the subscriber at once.

A Landlord who lately presented his bill to a delinquent boarder, was surprised to receive in return a bill of the same, with a skeleton, with the remark, "That was mine to you for my board while I was alive, but now the landlord did not stay to hear the rest of the sentence.

A venerable physician, who had practiced medicine for more than fifty years, was asked by a young man what was the best remedy for sore, "to join the vast number of patients who have died with it," was the reply.

On retiring from business, a wise old man said to a young merchant: "Let me tell you, remember that common sense is the best thing you can have, and the next best thing is a good character."

"Do you think it is safe, my dear," said a husband to his wife, "to let the baby play with a when it looks like spring?" "Perhaps so," replied the wife, "but I should be afraid it would take the spring."

Speaking about tooth and nail brushes," said old Dan Sickles, "the biggest one I ever saw was the one Noah used to curry the animals in the ark. I've seen it myself, and I tell you."

A Sedro said a locomotive had a collision on the railroad, and another was killed. Sadness before the other day. Name of the negro engineer, and the fireman, Sedro and Woolley.

If your sister should fall into a deep well, and you should jump in after her, you couldn't be a brother and sister not both at the bottom of the well, could you?

A man who is in the habit of making estimates to false rumors is like one who has confidence in the fidelity of a woman who has no worthy in her heart.

A drunkard policeman in this city has been so in the habit of taking up ugly customers, that, when he sees a looking-glass, he thinks it is a mirror.

When may a man be said to be about as good as he can be? When he has done the best he can.

Remembering the fruit of the date tree.—Mamma, if I am dates enough will I grow into a date tree myself?

Iron may be a good basis for debilitated constitutions, but it is a poor one for a horse.

"Pa, what is a gross grocer?" "One who trades only in gross articles, my son."

CURRENT ITEMS.

A beautiful young girl, fourteen years of age, of Paterson, N. J., was buried last week, her death having been the result of a severe surgical operation in jumping the rope. With her companions she had been in the habit of jumping rope, and without stopping for breath, she proceeded to jump rope, when she suddenly fell to the ground and expired.

A Cumberland woman has

A HILL-SIDE MEMORY.

BY LOUISE S. UPHAM.

A quaint old farm-house, trellis round
Its many windows, rose and vine,
Tall, waving, grain-fields, meadow green,
Fair Memory's page outlining.

Afar, the city's hum and din,
The pomp and pride of fashion;
Absent, the sunset's flashing glow,
The moonlight's tender radiance.

Like cloistered nun, it rose above
A world of life's commotion,
Yet guarded all that sunlit lie peace
With love-like devotion.

The low-arched, trellised porch was bright
With many a starry gem,
Of crimson, scarlet and pale rose, flowers bloomed,
Sweet as in summer time.

Not brighter, sweeter far, the soul
Of her who was the warden,
The faithful, loving gardener
Of this fair sacrifty garden.

All through the summer's radiant hours,
She revelled 'mid her treasures;
Ah! many a dear and earnest hope
Were nursed with flowery pleasures.

Her love she gave with every rose,
Where'er that love's bestowed,
In kindly acts her life it was
That fifty days glowed.

And each returning year, what time
The brooks and bees were humming,
We knew that one whose heart was love,
Was watering her seed sowing.

And tasting up the long, slow hill,
To her low cottage door,
Or busy workers in the field,
In kind love's tone she bore.

Yet until an winged messenger might
Her soul flew out to meet us,
And quick, in open door she stood,
She, smiling, stood to greet us.

Ah! none else steps—for long have
Those folded over a bosom
That throbbed with truth or thrill,
Its idol or hid or blossom.

Yet through the lengthening years, the bloom
Of her pure life will remain
The dual farm-house on the hill
Fragrant with memories sacred.

The garden of the Lord hath flowers,
And here is all sunshine;
I lay to think that soul her soul
Those flowers in Heaven.

Death comes to all, and day by day
Some one is called away,
But her sweet welcome, waiting me,
Makes Heaven itself grow dearer.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "SELF-MADE," "THE DISCIPLINE," ETC.

CHAPTER CXII.

AFTER THE HOLY WEDDING.

The bride stood on the floor of state,
And she looked the lips of her mother dead
Or ever she kissed the bridegroom. G. M. Baxter.

The benediction was scarcely spoken before the fair bride left her bridegroom's side, and moved softly and swiftly to the side of the step-father, where the form of the mother now lay recumbent.

Others followed her strange action, as she knelt beside the chair and took the extended hand of its occupant in her own. And when now where Emma had been, Lucy Lyle was over—that the happy spirit of the aged lady was even then departing.

She spoke no word more, but slowly raising her hand, laid it gently on each of those kneeling, and, as she bowed head of her young descendant, with a look of exultant smile, passed away to Heaven's rest.

"She 's dropped asleep, my dear," said honest, stupid John Lytton, kneeling and looking at the closed eyes and peaceful face.

She has fainted. Bring her here too much for her," said Mrs. Fanning, catching up the head of the unconscious young girl with the intention of administering restoratives.

"She is neither sleeping nor swooning, she has risen," said Emma, and calmly pushing aside the useless drug, she arose and never coldly pressed a kiss upon the lifeless lips.

A moment of deep silence followed her words.

Then Dr. Jones, the son, himself an aged man, arose and looked upon the scene in the chilled horror and despair with the motionless face, and with a pressed and stricken heart.

While this group of persons gathered around the chair of death the door was silently opened, and the family physician entered the room and stood among them.

"She is gone, Dr. Willet," said the son, turning to greet the new-comer.

"Yes," replied the latter, coming to the sorrowful circle, and greeting the assembled friends, and passed through the room as they made way for him to approach the body.

He felt the wrist, where there was no pulse, touched the the open eyes, where was no light, and then with a grave and silent nod he confirmed the opinion of Dr. Jones.

Electra, who had been incredulous all this time, now gave way to her grief, and was assisted out of the face of the physician, who now burst into tears, and was led from the room by Joseph Heck—Victor Hartman.

Emma stood pale as marble, with her eyes cast down, her lips tightly pressed together, and her head closely clasped.

Take your young bride away also, Mr. Lytton," said the erecting physician, observing the young girl's excited condition, "she will suffer longer control her feelings," said Dr. Willet.

"Come, Lucy," said Mr. Lytton, and as he passed his arm gently around the waist of the now weeping girl, and led her away from the scene of death.

Mr. and Mrs. Lytton followed them out, with the half-frightened air of a subject stealing from the presence of royalty.

There was a pause of a few moments after the aged son, Dr. Beresford Jones, the family physician, the Rev. Mr. minister of her parish, the Rev. Mr. Lyle, and the two ladies, Mrs. Fanning and Laura Lyle.

She passed away very gently, without the least suffering," said Mrs. Fanning.

"I thought she would do so. Hers has been a life of such exceeding purity and piety that all must have looked for a blessed end."

After a little more conversation the gentlemen withdrew, leaving the remains to the care of the two ladies, while they went to commence arrangements for the funeral.

Four days after this the body of Mrs. Carvendish was laid in the family vault, beside those of her husband and her son, the late governor.

The old lady had been long and widely known, and deeply and sincerely loved and honored, and her death was felt as a great bereavement at the time that of her son some years before. After those solemn offices had been performed, the friends gathered to consult upon such arrangements for the temporary disposition of the family left behind.

It was settled that Miss Fanning should remain with Emma at the mansion, and that Mr. and Mrs. Lytton should return to her guest and companion.

Dr. and Mrs. Willet were to of course return to Beresford Manors. They would be accompanied by Mr. Joseph Heck—Victor Hartman—who had grown to be a great favorite with Emma and some, and in with almost indispensable to his comfort and entertainment.

Mr. Lyle went back to Beresford to his rectory at Woodcrest.

And thus all there was now a vacation of the guests, and the young inviter was temporarily at liberty, Aiden Lytton desired to take his young bride to Europe for their bridal tour.

On their way to New York they stopped for a day in Richmond, because Emma wished to see her old friend Mrs. Grey before leaving for Europe.

Mrs. Grey, though by fair persuaded in his own mind that Mrs. Grey would not receive them, yet promptly complied with his lady's wish.

In the morning after their arrival at the Hendrie House, Richmond, Aiden took a carriage and they drove to the old Grey Manor House and inquired for Mrs. Grey.

But as Aiden had foreseen, they received for an answer that Mrs. Grey was not at home.

Upon further inquiry they were told that she had left the city on business, and would not return for a week.

But Aiden had rightly conjectured that she had gone away, and was staying away, that she might avoid the awarding between herself and Emma.

So the young bride, with a sigh, reluctantly resigned all hope of seeing her sincerely loved friend before sailing for Europe.

Early the next morning the newly married pair took the steamboat for Washington, where in due time they safely arrived, and whence they took the train for the North.

They arrived in New York late at night, had one intervening day to see to something at the city, and to make some few necessary purchases for their voyage, and on Saturday at noon they embarked on the magnificent ocean steamship *Pelee*, bound from New York to Southampton.

We must leave them on board their ship, and return and look up Mary Grey.

CHAPTER CXIII.

MARY GREY'S LETTER.

After Mrs. Grey's last interview with Aiden Lytton, during which, partly because of his cold, her self-command, and partly because she did not wish to distress him, she had kept up a calm and literary air mask, she sat down to review the situation.

"Well, I have succeeded in my purpose, and I have let him see how I really feel about this marriage engagement between him and Emma Cavendish. He knows now how I feel, and he knows that I will never, by word or sign, betray how I hate him.

"Now, I will

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1871.

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Too Much Regard for Money.

Why is it that frauds and breaches of trust are so common? It is mainly because there is too much deference shown for mere wealth, however acquired.

Many people think that if they only get money, no matter how, they will be treated with respect and deference. And it must be admitted that such views have a too common foundation in truth. We have too often seen honest Poverty trudging, unnoticed, on foot, while arrogant Fraud drove by in stately pride, the object of general admiration and seemingly of respect.

In regard to these things, however, we think a wholesome change is taking place in public sentiment. "Is he rich?" is no longer the only question asked. It is followed by, "How did he acquire his wealth?"

Even the mercantile hustled, which formerly seemed satisfied with the assurance that the seller of a marketable article either had plenty for money, now extends its anxiety to know also whether he is or is not a knave.

We hope to see the amendment in the popular view of wealth which has begun, continue to go on until money, when weighed in the balance against virtue and worth, shall always be found wanting.

A False, False Swain.

An extraordinary breach of promise case has been tried in England. The plaintiff was a young lady of twenty-three, the daughter of a respectable widow lady. The defendant was a farmer, aged twenty-nine.

The chivalry of the suit was that it was brought, not for the breach of a single promise to marry, but for breaking one promise, and afterwards making another and breaking that also.

The first engagement was made in 1868. While this engagement existed, the plaintiff was educated one day by intelligence that the defendant had actually married another young lady. She admitted explicitly to the defendant until the following year, when the wife of the defendant died.

After the lapse of several months his attentions to the plaintiff were renewed, and she, woman-like, was blind to his former treachery, and they became engaged a second time.

After a while the defendant again relapsed from his devotion to the plaintiff, and finally married another.

She now sought the insufficient redress for wounded affections to be afforded by a court of justice, and the jury gave her a verdict of twenty-five hundred dollars—more to her than such a fickle fellow would have been worth on a husband, although a very poor consolation for her disappointment.

Acting.

Some men, and some women, are always acting. They are just as much actors as if they were on the stage. They cannot get up or sit down, they cannot move, they cannot speak, without thinking how they appear to others.

It is painful to live with such persons. They are never natural; they cannot be natural. They are constantly studying for effect in everything.

We respect even vice like natural people. We like a good swear, a glass of the hard. We like a ringing, hearty laugh, no matter how loud it is. We like words that are earnest and true, and actions that are spontaneous, spontaneous and instinctive. Give us warm nature rather than cold calculating art.

Selling Votes.

How a number of a Legislature can deliberately make up his mind to sell his vote, is quite inconprehensible.

It is not his constituents, so much, that we should think he would be ashamed to look in the face, as himself. We should suppose his own looking-glass would become hateful to his sight. We should think the ill-gotten money would burn through his pocket into his flesh.

It is monstrous, this taking of bribes by members of the Legislature, which is said to be prevalent.

Young men of the country, set your faces against it!

Novel Mode of Suicide.—A woman in Buffalo avoided some fatal drug for the purpose of committing suicide. It produced convulsions, but not death.

The Wrong Cause.

[From the Rolla Express.]

Mrs. Hildebrand is in jail in this city for taking a church at St. Johns. In searching her house the officers found a pistol, which was the instrument upon which was taken possession of, among other things, and returned, as was supposed, to its rightful owner. In the church wardrobe, the undersigned found the clergyman, in trying to get into a pair of pants which were too small for him made a very awkward mistake. It was the minister's nightgown.

The Force of Moral Influence.

There are certain evils which affect society, and which do their full part in making this a world of woe. There is squalid, miserable poverty; there is disgusting, lamentable vice; there is horrible crime, public excesses, and national war. All these things, it is said, are inevitable; they spring from the nature of man, and from the laws which compel him to dwell in social communities. Those who say so are shallow thinkers. The world is not such a beautiful world. But what God has made it? Paradise, four only excepted, has not been often rendered a theme by divine genius. Cruse intended it we should be happy. Ignorance has brutal ignorance, vile intemperance, gross crime, and many spoons of sordid misery blighted our comforts and degraded our immortal being? It has very few people that there must necessarily be poverty, which is the parent of misery and suffering, or existence of the shameful poverty in a large, rich, and prosperous country like that of the Quakers, or community of Friends. With some peculiarities in speech and dress, not worth while to hint, this religious body of individuals act upon a fixed, uniform principle of action, and they do not drink. Drunkenness is the fruitful source of half the misfortunes and privations that we agree yet, by the common consent of society, to endure as they avoid them. Here, then, is a clear demonstration, that even without the aid of legal statute, but by the mere force of moral influence, there is a class of men, in the midst of society, who are free from drunkenness, and who are generally free from vice and misery.

Dreams and Presentiments.

We have published an account of the dream of Gen. Howard, U.S.A., a short time before his death, which was not fulfilled. Probably not one dream in ten thousand is. Once in a while, however, we hear of a dream, or a presentiment, which is strange.

John Avery, a young man from this city, was hung at Cincinnati in the year 1804, and sentenced to be hanged on the 8th day of June next. We find the following in the *Long Island Democrat*:

"One year and a half ago, John Avery, the murderer, dreamed that he was in a room, and came down stairs, and his mother, seeing his head bare, asked him why he had no hat on, told her that he had had a dreadful dream; that he had dreamed that he was to be hung, and that he had murdered a man in Cincinnati. She might be thereby be led to visit her him and killed him. He went on to say that he had not murdered any one, although they were all down on him, and that he was to be executed on the 8th of June next. He said that he knew he must be hung. The terror inspired by his dream seems to have taken entire possession of his mind, and the dreadful phantasy of the brain, acting upon the nervous system, has realized the fearful dream and had the fatal noose around his neck. He seems to have dreamed the truth, and that he will be hanged on the appointed day. The dream shortly have a fearful verification. Psychologists may call this a presentiment, but we think that Avery's something on which to reflect and speculate."

A correspondent of the *World*, who was on the ground, gives a stranger account of the explosion, on the Mississippi river, and who was himself badly scalded and scarred, and finally rescued in an insensible condition, after floating three miles on a piece of plank, with his arm, a distance of three miles, thinks that not only the cause of the explosion but engineers had a foreshadowing apprehension of this calamity, but that a fearful premonition dream was exposed by a cage of lions on board. He says:

"I assert it o'clock most of the passengers had gone to bed, and I, with a few others, was sitting on the saloon, watching myself, remained on deck. I don't know what time it was, but there were only all sitting together, and our conversation drifted into the supernatural. Some one told a story of a dream which came within the knowledge of the Mastersons, and before long I at least, and because I knew that some of the party had been to the west to my cause, undressed, and tried to get asleep, but could not. I remained awake for more than an hour, when I fell asleep and dreamed a dream, and never left so before.

"I went and ran and after tumbling and kicking about till about two o'clock, I got up, dressed myself, and went on deck. I found the night to be as dark as the inside cabin of a coal mine, which was in a warren on the forecastle deck. My eyes were not used to it. I felt my way forward, being full grown, and five cubits, which were a part of the cargo, and I found the lions and tigers in their cages, and the elephant, and the camels, all moaning restlessly up and down in their cages, and occasionally giving vent to their feelings in a loud snarling growl and cry, which is enough to strike terror to the heart of the bravest man. I was not afraid of them as the lions came to the front part of it, the lions seemed to have the same presentiment of coming danger as I had in my dream. Any man who has had anything to do with menageries knows that the lions and tigers are the most ferocious of all beasts. They are the most untamed and yet, when I drew into the cage some food, and one of the lions ate it, the rest of them had not recently tasted, and they came up to it, and I was obliged to drive them away with a stick, and they would growl and snarl at me."

"Finally, at about a quarter past four o'clock, I heard a noise like the report of a cannon, and the boat shook from stem to stern, and I was thrown into the air and backward. I said to myself the time has come, and I was not afraid to die. The explosion was filled with boiling steam and flying timbers

THE OLD SWEET DREAM.

BY PATRICK G. HAMILTON.

What dimpling eddies and happy tones
Are ringing around the stone!
The children's voices around the sloping grasses
Are mixed around the little brook
Still, in my dreamful reverie, see,
The boyishness smooth I once knew,
And the girl I loved, with her dainty moisted,
All swept by the waters free.

And there, where we paused in the maple's shade,
I have the silvery pool,
Where the reddish ripples sank and made
A mirror bright and cool;
Again in its depths I seem to look,
And the face I see is hers,
And yet upon it, as she stood by the running brook,
With its soft and girlish grace.

Again, now, o'er the brook's rude tones,
In my ear sounds clear and sweet,
Again o'er the dimpling waters flows
The music I used to greet.
And her little hand to my own
Clings with a pleading fear,
As I lift her over the last broad stone
To the green bank rising near.

But ah! since then, like a doubtful dream,
Has been my life to me;
And the vision of love by the running stream
Is dimmed by the reckoning years
For long hath the dear-loved voice been still,
The little hand long cold,
And the face I see is not on the hill,
The form of the level of old.

But not all dark is the old sweet dream:
For the brook is the same as years ago
May be just a type of the broader stream
Where we all must cross some day;
And the coming years be my stepping-stones
To the better land of rest,
Where peace and rest with the good and blest
Her spirit hath ground betook.

MARK HEBER'S LUCK;

OR,

Life on the Plains.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MAGICIAN," "RED KNIFE," "THE HOOKER BOYS," "GREY'S RANGE," "THE CLUB-FOOT SHAH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WITHIN BLUE JACK'S WIGWAM.

As the Devil Chief, otherwise Blue Jack, with the whole war party of five warriors, the half-breed lad, and the girl captives, rapidly approached the Indian village, the latch had been pulled out to Gay as his future home, sign of life and animation showed on every side of the little town. There were shouts and cries, a few Indian children came running out to greet the returning warriors, and the dogs set up loud barks of rejoicing.

The scene centers around us into the village. It was a collection of huts, or wigwams, built in conical shape, of pole, saplings covered with bark, and with an aperture at the top of each for smoke. Overhead to permit the egress of smoke.

The village was laid out with some effort at regularity with two wigwams in the center and a pole in the very centre of the town.

The largest of these huts was the dwelling of the chief Yahe. The one beside it was that of the Devil Chief Yahe's only child, the girl Dacota.

Blue Jack pressed forward with his young captive toward the centre of the village, but the population of men, women and children turned their impelling the approaching party with curious glances at Gay Heber, who regarded them with interest.

If she had ever cherished any romantic notions concerning the life of a captive, the reception was not at all to her liking.

The Indian warrior who so suddenly took her like a conqueror of the Orient with keen, fascinating eyes and crested head, all fire and fury as he leaped on the war-path, was here, in his lair, dirty, lazy and squalid.

The women, for the most part, were mere creatures of burden, with sad eyes like the dog, and wretched looking children before their door.

Even the children were stolid, retiring beings, much woolen image than children.

The Devil Chief greeted them all in their own tongue. He seemed a favorite among them, and they made way for him with every sign of esteem, as he passed on to his own dwelling.

This was one of the largest but, his own, the chief Yahe was standing, awaiting a guest. The day was still warm, although the twilight was at hand, and the entrance of the hut stood description, consisting only of a deerskin screen covering it, but was now coming to his place.

Blue Jack exchanged salutations with him dismounting, and lifting Gay Heber from her horse, led her into the hut, and pointed out to her couch, waiting for her to take to her own dwelling.

The first interest of a blanket, was completely concealed the interior of the wigwam. Blue Jack lifted the deer skin with one hand, and pushed the captive into his home, following close behind her.

Gay Heber found herself in a room some twenty feet square, with a fire in the centre, beneath the aperture of the top, through which a fire was smouldering, the smoke ascending through the aperture at the same time that it stayed dwelling.

There were greater pretensions to neatness than Gay had expected to see. There was a floor for wigwam, formed of smooth boards. There was a rudely constructed couch, with not the skins and robes of deer, into a large blanket, and there was a small table, and a chair, the latter a rude affair, but evidently exhibited in the Indian house of Blue Jack.

His wife's selection and arrangement themselves in the heap of soft skins that served as a couch in a further corner; in the legs pieces of buffalo flesh and other game stood open upon stiff sticks, and over the smoke of the fire to dry; in the pile of cooking utensils near the door—in a wooden bowl of beads and colored silk dresses; and finally, in the general appearance of the room, which was used in parading purposes.

As Gay looked around her wonderingly, a figure stealthily arose from the shadows of the farthest corner, and came hurriedly toward the intruders.

This was the figure of Blue Jack's Indian wife.

She was young, being scarcely more than twenty, and was considered fully to Gay's mind as the most beautiful of the women she had yet seen.

She was tall and slender, lithe and graceful as a willow. Her complexion was that of her people, copper in color, but with a high cheek-bones of her race, but her eyes were large and dark, and her hair was of the very finest and softest quality, and brushed smoothly from her forehead, flowed with a cloaked shoulders and back like a drapery.

Blue Jack's gift—and full in dusky waves over her shoulders, was an article, perhaps handsome, dressed to her white husband, whom she had never before seen, and whose warriors, the Devil Chief insisted, and the favorite of the Great Spirit.

Her dress was a buckskin garment, with very tiny moccasins, tastefully embroidered with quills, beautifully colored, and with gay beads, embroidered designs of deer-skin, and a cape over the shoulders to her knees, edged with a bread embroidery, and fringed with the scalp locks of her victims.

This dress was confined at the waist by a belt, embroidered with beads, and fringed with scalp locks, and was altogether a dress of the richest and most elaborate kind.

Her bracelets, also, she bore as the wife of a chief, and her barbarian princess, haughty and proud yet she was a very peasant to her white husband.

Blue Jack spoke to her in his own tongue, and she bounded forward with a cry of joy, kissed her as he might have kissed a white child, and then drew the astonished brunette to her wary hair through his fingers, and patted her cheek, and displayed an actual fondness for her.

Look you, Neonta," he said at last, in English, "I have brought a companion for you."

The Indian wife looked up from her fondness for her husband with a start, and regarded Gay Heber with a curious eye, in which a sullen anger sullenly glowed.

The pale face, with its dainty, prisoner loveliness, the pure brown eyes, full of saucy sweetness, the small head with short cropped tresses, presented a new type of beauty to the Indian wife, and the Indian wife, a type with which she was by no means pleased, to contrast herself.

"Who is she?" asked Blue Jack's wife, also speaking English.

"What, have you forgotten, Neonta?" demanded the Devil Chief. "She is my daughter, of whom I told you—she is the girl Gay Heber."

Neonta's face softened a little.

"She's pretty," she said. "I don't like her."

"You need not like her," answered Blue Jack, laughing. "But you will give her shelter, Neonta, for my sake, will you not?"

The Indian wife hesitated, and then said sharply, addressing Gay Heber:

"What is your name?"

Gay says so," answered Gay.

"And do you like him?"

Gay's saucy lips curled in contempt, and there was no mistaking her sincerity, as she answered:

"No, indeed. I like better the wolves of the prairie, the rattlesnakes that warn us their strike—any venomous brute lesser, better than he."

The Indian wife's face lightened of its gloom.

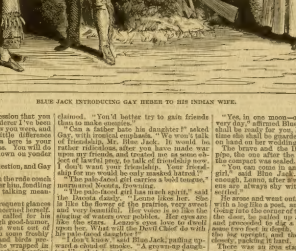
"Did you ever hear such lies?" she asked, Gay answered in the affirmative.

"Did the Devil Chief love her?"

"No; he killed her," answered Gay.

Neonta was relieved. The demon of her jealousy was quieted. But Gay's bitter answer to her question brought a sharp response to Blue Jack's face, and he exclaimed:

"That ungrateful remark of yours, my



BLUE JACK INTRODUCING GAY HEBER TO HIS INDIAN WIFE.

young lady, is a virtual confession that you are the child of the traitor who betrayed me, telling you where I was encamped, and thus the confessing makes but little difference in other way. My wife Neonta is now your step-mother, and your mistress. You will do well not to anger her. Sit down on yonder heap of skins."

He pointed to the heap in question, and Gay sat down upon them.

Blue Jack seated himself upon the rude couch or lounge, and Neonta knelt before him, and caressing him, the two talking many moments in the Indian tongue.

Gay Heber knew from their frequent glances at her, that their conversation concerned herself.

At length the Devil Chief called for his supper, and Neonta arose and disappeared, proceeded to prepare it, and went out of the wigwam, returning with a large dish of boiled game, antelope meat and birds prepared for the fire. The birds she wrapped in leaves and buried in the hot ashes, heaping live coals upon the ashes. The meat she handed upon a dish over the fire.

Gay Heber watched the process of cooking, and wondered if she was to be starved after having been trained in the desirable qualities of cleanliness and neatness by her white husband. The savory odors of the game filled the room. When the meat was cooked sufficiently, Neonta dropped it upon wooden dishes, and brought a basket of hard biscuits, a bottle of pickles and a pitcher of water, and with all the fruits of plunder of wagon trains, the Indian woman served the meal to Blue Jack, who lifted the fruits of savage life no better than its hard, coarse, monotonous fare.

Gay was served and kept herself, for she said Blue Jack family. "Yed look hungry, and yet don't eat anything my child," said the chief invited, and being really hungry, Gay Heber approached and helped herself to the biscuit and meat, and ate with a relish that she would never have had the hour of taken and other repast in silence.

Neonta showed her husband more attentions to the practice of most Indian wives, to wait unbidden upon him, and remained at the feast.

After the supper, Blue Jack lighted his pipe and went forth to the society of the chief and the warriors, and Neonta arose and busied herself in the duties of the hut, and then sat by the hearth and watched Gay Heber, who actually relaxed the stern.

The soul of the young girl was heavy within her. A life in a town in the heart of the Indian village seemed to her worse than death.

"You shall be Neonta's slave," said the Indian wife, after a time, in a tone that Gay Chief says that you shall fetch water, pound corn, and do everything I tell you. You are in the city for Neonta is glad you have come."

Gay Heber did not answer.

"The great chief says you must be watched both day and night," continued Neonta; "he have dogs, and I have eyes as keen as the eyes of a hawk. If you attempt to escape, he a snake in the ground in the corner you, and every dog in the village will be set upon to the stake and a dog shall guard you."

Still Gay made no reply, and seemed so unresponsive a listener, consoled before the fire, singing softly, shaded eyes of the latter watching the girl with big bright eyes that never faltered in their gaze.

The twilight deepened without, and the fire burned low, and Neonta arose, and placed at last coarse ball loaves of pone bread upon the hearth, and these flanked up and filled the room with a rich, savory odor, suggestive of and a delicious rosiness fragrance.

A little later Blue Jack came in, bringing with him a tall young warrior, with long black hair and eyes, and a form clothed in deer-skin embroidered, and a long plume waving from his head-dress. He had a rifle over his shoulder, and large powder horn and bullet pouch, and was withal a fine specimen of the Indian brave.

The Devil Chief and his visitor squatted down before the hearth and smoked their pipes, saying little.

Then they pushed them from her corner.

The Indian chief's game wandered about the wigwam, and finally the two Indians, with the dull eyes peculiar to their race, settled to her as he continued to smoke, and presently to mild snore of sleep, and Gay Heber heard snorings. The white outlaw replied to him briefly.

There was another silence, and the Dacota spoke again, and so also he replied.

Blue Jack beckoned to Gay to approach.

"Come here, my child," he said, "I have seen his mother. This is a young brave, the son of a chief. He will be a great warrior some day. Come this way, Gay, and let him see you."

"I'll be wanin to see me, let him look this way," returned Gay coolly. "I am not, your slave yet, Mr. Blue Jack."

The outlaw's face flushed angrily.

"If you know when you're well off, you'll curb that proud spirit of yours," he exclaimed. "You'd better try to gain friends in this village, I can tell you."

"Can a father have his daughter?" asked Gay, with ironical emphasis. "We won't talk of friendship, Mr. Blue Jack. It would be rather ridiculous, after you have made war upon my people, and treated me as some object of lawful prey, to talk of friendship now.

He pointed to the heap in question, and Gay sat down upon them.

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Blue Jack beckoned to Gay to approach.

"Come here, my child," he said, "I have seen from

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

you think that when they know the whole story they will decline to interfere? You have been very good to me to come so far, Mr. Whitmore, and I vow that there may be danger measuring the settlement to your shoulders. You and the others must go back. God bless you for your kindness to me in my trouble!"

"And will you abandon the project of going to the "Queen country?" asked Mr. Whitmore anxiously.

Mark Heber shook his head.

"My life is worth nothing to me without her," he said with simple pathos. "I must follow her. I have plenty of ammunition, a revolver, rifle, and hunting-knife. I have no fear of the savages."

The settlers in vain tried to dissuade the young man in his purpose, but it was fixed and immovable.

"If you must go then," said Halsey, "here's my match box and eyeglass and shot pouch. Take them, Heber. I'm afraid that the halfbreed lad I picked up on the way home from Colorado is a viper, a treacherous hound, and that we owe all our troubles to him. I let this match me to be guarded next time. Perhaps you may find him out, and if you do, have brought this trouble upon you through taking in the half-breed; and shoot him for me, Mark, if you ever get the chance!"

Mark accepted Halsey's gifts. He might need them.

Other match boxes were offered him, and he was plentifully supplied with them, but he refused the revolvers and rifles which were pressed upon him.

"I'll trust both," he said. "I believe and trust that no harm has come to the fort in our absence. I shall never come back to the settlement unless I rescue Gay and bring her with me. You will see both of us, or neither."

He shook hands with Mr. Whitmore and the others, one by one, and then, leaping his horse with his whip and rode away from them into the barren waste of the dread Sand Hills.

The settlers sat their horses motionless, and watched him out of sight.

"There goes an unlucky man, and I shall never draw breath," said Mr. Whitmore, shaking his gray head sadly, "and he is riding to his death!"

"I'm not sure Mr. Knox sorrowfully. "He's plunging into dangers of which he does not dream. Poor boy! He feels his master's fate terribly. He looked like death when he took off alone into the ready waste. I shall never see him again."

The party remained in silence, and rode on their homeward way.

And Mark Heber pursued his journey alone. He rode into the shining desert, resolved to find the trail of the savages. Half an hour after parting with his friends he espied an antelope in his very path, and he fired, killing it. He dismounted, and gralloched his game with a rough, pearly cry, a branch of the Pawnee Fork, and he made a meal of the flesh, a fringe of willows in its banks.

Mark made a fire and roasted a goodly portion of the choice parts of the animal, and made a hearty meal of it, and put what remained into his saddle-bags. He then remounted, and pressed on.

The sun was at the middle of the afternoon. At nightfall Mark again dismounted, and made a fire, and cooked a meal of the flesh of the antelope. How deathly still was around him! There were no birds with their music, no coyotes, no antelopes, nor buffaloes—nothing that had life, except himself and his horse, for he had left cumbersome behind him. Far and near was a silence like death, and Mark thought that he began to fall softly into the land of dreams and sleep.

But he started up, and rose to his feet, and gave him some grass to feed upon, and he fed and patted him gently, feeling some sort of companionship in the society of even the dumb beast.

Then he sat down in the warm sands, and gave himself up to thoughts of Gay.

"Where is she?" he asked himself, as solitude, in thinking of her, would have revealed or himself and his surroundings at last by a startled cry from the horse, and the sudden change of attitude as the animal arose to its feet, striking up its head.

Arising hastily, Mark beheld, coming from the westward, a party of three men, all mounted, and riding directly toward him.

He felt for his revolver, and drew it forth. Mark recognized them at once as white men.

"Hallo, you, there!" cried one of the men loudly, coming on in advance of the others. "Who's this alone on the sand hills?"

The speaker's voice was of a sudden compassionate of his danger. He knew at once the character of the party as renegade white men. They were three of the outlaws who had fled from the fort with Jack Hawk and Big Jack. They had gone on to the Pawnee Fork trail, and were now on their way on to the Santa Fe country in Spain, by Devil Creek. These outlaws had shared Rock's hatred of our young hero, and he would have preferred to encounter three red savages than them. He did not reply to them.

"Can't you speak?" cried the deepvoiced man, coming on at a gallop. "Are you a ghost or a man? Speak, or I'll shoot you! What's your name? Who are you? Where's your home? Jack, have you seen this man when you Tell you, boys, we'll capture him and take him up to Bent Jack; think I've seen him before."

The men rolled approvingly in concert and halted. Mark remained where he was. He stood and faced them stern and fixed as a rock!

To be continued.

CROSSING THE OCEAN.

BY MARY ELYE DALLAS.

What a strange thing it is to think about! Our trunks are packed, tickets bought and staterooms secured, and all those trunks packed—for a time—to be forgotten. Forgotten, because it would be to the last degree inconvenient to get at some item, and buy the article over again when lying in one's quiet bed at night, the thought that on the morrow one will be on the very path of a fellow-passenger who will be there before us, and who will have the first choice of everything, is not merely a question of waterfulness on the part of the steamship company, and on the part of the steward; but a storm may wreck the vessel, and a certainty of delay in the dock; that we shall be tossed, be seasick, be weary and worn—and "O dear" often mingled with the thought of making arrangements to please take back our tickets here, and say we won't be leaving after all—that—

Despite generally go up, having once paid for them, and the steamer sails, and we are on board by the pier, and the cheering of "Hip, hip, Hurra!" or "Queen of the Sea," "Sweet Home," or whatever one may be, and we is to bear to land after. At a distance she looks small, quite disappointing, and that but once on board an ocean steamer, what a change has fallen over her! How immeasurably "magnified" she seems! The handkerchiefs wave from the pier, and the cheers of those who have with the passionate good-by waving. Again the women begin to remain at home, but the fresh, fresh, fresh of the vessel's heart has begun. The land seems to retreat. It is as if the friends of each one on board, crowds of emigrants and lounger appertaining to the docks, the Railway and Castle Garden had gone. We call sail away from us; and are we glad that it is so? Are we glad to see a dark line beyond the white sea-foam grow to sight of home.

Then the meal at sea—who forgets it? No one is seasick yet. Every one is hungry. Things seem momentarily secured in the table, but it is all the more amusing. And we have our own pillow we shall like, and hours of sleep before us.

Most people begin with dressing in her chemise and ribbon, and ends in wretched inanition. The dogmatical man of cadaverous countenance, who doubtless is possessed of an iron of some kind, we shall avoid. We like the organist, who plays to us in the saloon; and the fat widows and little maidens but our liking—as handy, so lively, so obliging.

The sun is going down when we step on deck. The young married couple stand looking over the side, with the arm about her waist, to the great scandal of the single lady from Boston who travels alone, and prides herself on not wearing the chignon, with the little round onion-like knob at the back of the head. Nevertheless, whether she does or does not, the inventors of the Evil One may not have their advantage.

Old married people walk the deck in sensible mood. The dogmatical man regards all things with a grave scorn, and occasionally in a little book. The children begin to find it hard to keep their feet on deck. One freckled face arms-girl turns slowly white, and the first sharp report and upon her face takes that dire dive. She retires below, bawling as she goes, and we see her no more. Some of the old and one, tried to follow her, but are too poor consolation during the day, but the sea is beautiful in its motion. It rocks one—gets the breath, as swinging does. Nothing more delightful. So dreamily delicious! so—Oh! The pudding must have been too rich. Somebody is seasick.

And then comes the state-room, its gilt magnificence quite forgotten in sympathetic abandonment, a glass of brandy and water, and the stewardess's cabin, and the sea is all in all. Then comes the cold bath, and we desired that there should be "no more sea" for us—very, very sensible.

Inexperienced woman should begin to see the beauty of the ocean—should be glad to go to bed

THE OLD BEAU.

BY GRACE H. MORE.

Well, I'll tell you the reason I am an old beau.
'Tis because that I like young society so.
And how could I mate with the young people go,
If I had not become such a charming old beau?

For I never was much of a scholar, you see—
Was not learned or wise; never took a degree.
But my very want of some knowledge, we know
But for me, I preferred just the life of a beau.

I may say all I had was my money and good cheer.
While I flatter myself you the former can trace,
For continuous giving that I'm known as a host
For acquaintance all dubbed me Apollo in Beau!

I forgot, my friends said that I had something
Of the "Admirable Crichton."
'Twas absurd—Well, I always was kindly, I've been told.
There's one thing, however, the women all know,
That there were kind of men cannot make a good beau.

Ah, how could I resign all those glorious days,
And pacified along o'er the common highways,
Had every old codger who happened—Or, let's
So I should say, from a long line of ancient beaux.

Something else helped to make the old dean I
But I'm certain that the story to you would be
Some trouble I've had, and I'll say
No trouble must darken the eyes of a beau!

Poor Thackeray said, with a sigh of despair,
He remembered his time was fast hurrying fleeted
But this he could scarce count, I remember it too,
But the last is my part, as I'm a happy old beau.

It is true I've recourse to a little "Bay rum"
To keep my hair curled, not to play word my part;
Oh, boys, do not laugh, for I'm sure you will find
That you're also all ordained, and must some day
be beau!

If I did not see ere, what a fright I should be!
Without teeth, without legs, or a hair you could
see
No shoulders, no shins—how I'd feet, moan and
groan
So I just must remain, as before, an old beau!

A DARING GAME;

OR,

Neva's Three Lovers.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE DIAMOND SERPENT," "THE BALLIFF'S SCHEME," "THE LADY OF KIL-DARE," "THE CHILD OF THE REGIMENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE DESPAIR OF RUFUS AND LALLY.

At the grim and waiting attendants' request of Mrs. Peters' identity, delivered in Mrs. Peters' grimmest and most warlike manner, Rufus Black trembled involuntarily, his face expressing his joy at encountering her.

He felt confident that this snappish and ill-natured old woman was the very person to fill the place of young wife was in the woman's power to do so, and consequently, with a few words of explanation and apologetic amusement, he stood pale and speechless.

"You are indeed, Mary," said Mrs. Peters to the house maid. "The gentleman came to see me, you know."

The house-maid, being in awe of Mrs. Peters, promptly retired to the servants' hall.

"And now, sir," said Mrs. Peters, in such a voice as only belongs to those who have a long reckoning to make, "what may you want with me?"

Rufus Black struggled to regain his self-control.

"There is some mistake," he gasped. "I—I remember you. I saw you in the Regent street policeman's office, one day, with—with Neva Bayard. Lally, I mean, she called herself then. Surely you know me, madam."

"Come in," said Mrs. Peters, with the cold-hearted terror of Lally's appearance upon the scene, and who had made up her mind to prevent an interview between the young pair at all costs. "Come in, sir, and I'll hear what you have to say."

She conducted him to the library, which was across the hall from the drawing-rooms. It was a dark, dismal room, and the only light it had were a dingy wall-candle and a dim, old-fashioned lamp. A great circular bay-window took up one side of the apartment, and on either side containing a great fireplace, in which logs were burning. The angle of the room where the chimney were fitted with tall book-cases, and one end of the room was also lined with rows of shelves well filled with books, and between the two fireplaces was a large table littered all over with papers and a gaudy leather-covered inkstand.

This room was chosen by Mr. Peters as a favorite resort of Lally. She had ordered it to be warmed and lighted at the same time it was the drawing-room, and was likely to visit it during the evening. Mrs. Peters locked the door, therefore, as she motioned Rufus to a chair, and the two sat down in the very room he remained standing, his hat in his hand.

"I remember you very well now," said Mrs. Peters, pretending to search her memory, although she had remembered him from the first shop. You are the young gentleman who saved the young lady with me? Yes, I remember you. What are you doing here? Why have you followed us to Scotland? Were you to come to Harold Hall?"

"I am come, madam," cried Rufus, white and agitated, "to see the young lady you have in your company at Bonner's the other day. Is she here? Is she with you?"

"I think not," said Mrs. Peters gravely. "In the first place, how can I tell you that the young lady in this house?"

"I have traced her and you all the way from London," cried Rufus. "I saw the train you gave to Rennie, with the name upon it of Miss Wyndham, engaged with the same rooms I went to Mount street twice, and the second time I encountered you. I am sure that I am hurried to the station of the Great Northern, and there I saw the engine and guard speak to them."

"And then?"

"I went to my hotel. I had not money enough for such a trip as this," said Rufus frankly. "And so I would not come on the morning train. I had to sell my watch, a valuable present from my father, and to pawn almost all day on my hands before I could start on the journey. I arrived at the next station to you in the first streets near, I inquired at a shop about Miss Wyndham, and found that you had been there to buy cloth for Edinburgh, twenty-four hours later than yourself. I reached Edinburgh in the morning, and discovered the name of Miss Wyndham and Mrs. Peters registered at the Royal Hotel. I was informed that you had left the night before, for Harold Hall, and a cabman brought me here. Is Miss Black, Lally's friend, with you, madam, and I must see her."

Mrs. Peters smiled grimly as a full comprehension of Rufus Black's mistake dawned upon her. She immediately recalled that the elegant young lady who had interrupted her last words in the shop of Mrs. Wynd and Mrs. Wynd, and that Rufus very naturally thought Miss Wyndham old lady" of whom he had heard.

"I am sorry you don't believe that I am Mrs. Peters," she said.

"Then you are," said Rufus bluntly. "I have traced and traced the lady—Neva and a young girl—Lally—all the way from London, and under the names of Miss Wynd and Mrs. Peters. You are not Mrs. Peters, and I demand to see her."

"You cannot see her," said Mrs. Peters stoutly. "I have heard of you, young lady's story, and I shall protect her from the persecutions of a man who could so far forget himself as to behave as you have done. Leave this house at once, sir, and how could I or any other lady be sure that you would not follow us?"

"Then you will not tell me where she is?" said Rufus, in a voice of despair.

"I will not," said Mrs. Peters, rising and ringing the bell for the servants.

"Then I will find her myself," said Rufus, in a voice of desperation, and he turned to the door, therefore, as she motioned Rufus to a chair, and the two sat down in the very room he remained standing, his hat in his hand.

"I remember you very well now," said Mrs. Peters, pretending to search her memory. "You are the young gentleman we saw in the shop. You are the young gentleman who saved the young lady with me? Yes, I remember you. What are you doing here? Why have you followed us to Scotland? Were you to come to Harold Hall?"

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WORN AND TORN.

BY ESSIE LYNN.

Two words we count but contemplate,
The while they mean so much;
"Torn," against us in contention,
"Worn," in the weary world their,
And their unbearable burden.

"Worn," with the grave along life's street,
With a tiresome pace,
To ponder it, or make it sweet,
Or bear it with a smile to lift feet,
Back of the grave's wall.

"Torn" are our sundered duties by
Love's cruel hand,
Yet on the verge they nod or cry
As though a sting pierced,
And not before closed.

"Worn" hath a waiting, weary cry,
Echo of ill-spent breath,
Which reaches through the sky;
And memories, we lay a sigh,
Nor fade relief in death.

"Torn" hath a flavor-tang of pain;
Its jangled lute unstrung,
Never to answer a skill again,
Or fall in music's after time,
When heavy wings are sprung.

"Worn" shows a wan and weary face,
Its hope and courage dead,
Its smile in the cows' rough mouth,
Into lines of care o'er lines of grief,
The hopeful smile proves gone.

"Torn" brings the mariner's gleaming eye
Upon the rocky shore,
The cannot thank privation struck
Amidst the earthly fated chaos,
And parted lips are blue.

"Weary and worn"—"tempted and torn!"
Links love others well
On earth, in chime its own refrain,
In tuneful harmony or pain,
Sequence intended.

AULD LANG SYNE.

BY ANNA SHERIDAN.

"How oddly things come about." Mrs. Marshall said, coming into the room where her husband and Mrs. Bowers were busily engaged in the manufacture of two elaborate evening dresses.

"A deep and philosophical remark, madam," said Max Marshall, looking up rather scantily. "Pray what occasioned it?"

"You won't know anything about it," was the reply, "so your just as well to let it pass."

But Mrs. Bowers looked up to her sympathetically, and said, in a bright but subdued tone to her friend:

"Mrs. Montgomery has just called," said Mrs. Marshall, "and tells me her daughter Harold will be home in time for Mrs. Grant's party."

The knot of blue satin ribbon was suddenly crushed out of all shape in Mrs. Bowers' fingers, and her face flushed deeply as she answered, hurriedly, that if she gathered a trifle more and moderate that threatened a fainting fit. For a moment the room looked dark, and the voices sounded far away and indistinct—only for a moment; then she roused herself bravely; to see that her agitation had been noticed, and to hear her niece Carrie say:

"I never knew Mrs. Montgomery had a daughter."

"Probably not," said Mrs. Marshall. "He has been in China for—How many years is it, Ellis?"

"Twelve."

For very life Ellis could not have spoken more than one word with composure, and that word was "Harold." No wonder she was thick Carrie and I were talking about him. He must be as old as his sister."

"Just so near to what about twenty-three when he went away," said Mrs. Marshall succinctly. "He is not more than thirty-six. That is still young for a man."

Carrie Marshall was a very pretty blossom of sixteen and seventeen years, and vague fun filled to mind the stories she had heard of the large fortune Harold Montgomery had saved together during his exile. Then she gave herself a little mental shaking:

"Pshaw! I am not going to turn into a romancing mother now! I am old enough to be engaged in the ways of the world."

For Mrs. Grant's party was to be an event in the quiet little town of Heyden, the boarders residing in the large and most select mansion, not opening upon gala nights to any wide extent; the rest of the year it was a rooming rest. She had a young nephew coming from the city, and a niece and a drawing-room upon the same floor; so her parties afford such facilities as were nowhere else available in Heyden for dancing, music, whist, flirtations and conversations.

The dinner party was on Monday, Monday were to appear at the coming festival. Carrie and Ellis were to be in their rooms, and the gentlemen at home with pipes and rather astounded by fashion required busy stitching for weary hours beforehand. More hands had also been bidden to the party, but "Aunt Ellis never would approve," the girls said, so there was no dress preparing for her acknowledgment.

As her needle went in and out, through Harold's bills and business cards, Ellis Bowers thought of him.

Coming home! Come to what! Does he bring a wife from the far away land of his long sojourn? or will he choose one here, among the fair young girls of heaven's country? Oh, the bitter folly of the past! Her own mistake, her own blindness, her own pride! Yes, pride, that was the chief sin of her youth, and it had been punished bitterly. Only one little week of happiness, and he left her. How long was it? A hundred years, before I knew that he loved me, he told me, never guessing that it was Kate's burnished shadow that he saw so clearly, when I never guessed he was near. Kate's burnished shadow, for I was only a tawny, Fear ruler Kate, she never knew it, but she was my rival, and I hated her. Oh! their sin for anger, hatred in their brothers' home, and I—. What of me? Can it be that God will ever so to think the old days can ever come again? If Harold Russell loves now, it will be some brilliant girl, and her fabled shadow at his old love! Yet—yet—

Ellis, I have asked you three times what the blonde lace is," cried Mrs. Marshall. "What are you dreaming about?"

What, indeed? Ellis thought bitterly, and the sweet face was bent more closely over the mass of puffs and ruffles.

The social evening came at last, and the girls were dressed in their pretty, unrestrained wonderful crimps, and other wise preparing for company. Mrs. Marshall was in her element, gaged in toilet symmetrics, and wondering more impatiently every time Ellis's skilful fingers were not, as usual, placed at her service.

But Ellis was ill, she said, and positively fatigued. Ellis Bowers was the quiet one in her household, "making no sense" of herself.

A very fair and stately dowager she made, as her preparations were completed, though her own criticisms was even more severe.

"I am but a faded old maid, after all."

Was she? Her thirty years of forgetful life, with only one heart struggle, had left her face as much as in girlhood's days, and she had never been, by evil fate having saved her from the wear and tear of flirtation, with its false glow and exquisite fairness was never paler. Her delicate straight nose, small mouth even white teeth, and large soft brown eyes, were as attractive as ever; and her dress, with their draped now in Pompadour robe, was bright in its glossy waves as it had been twelve years ago, when a dress of violet silk that left her neck and arms bare, and a wreath of violets, first attracted her fatal, slender figure to notice.

Her cheeks had their own coloring and unconscious about her, but any consciousness of such face relieved the plain skirt of silk. She wore no jewels, but in her hair were twisted sprays of starry white flowers and a few violets.

"Considering it is twelve years since I wore this dress and Summer-Wet not look so very antiquated. A train is always a train, and I suppose the overskirt modernizes it," thought Ellis.

Then she went to a box behind which in her bureau drawer, and from it carefully in and for she took a ring, wrapped carefully in soft paper.

"Dear I?" she whispered, turning it down under the gas-light, and showing the device, an enamelled violet, with a flashing diamond for its heart.

"Will he recognize me if I put it on?" she thought. "Shall I do that? I am not sorry we met to-night, for I have seen him, and I feel that I can control him to meet him long, long years ago?"

She hesitated some moments; then put the ring upon the fore-finger of her left hand, turning it so that the violet was hidden, and only a plain gold band seemed added to her other rings.

Voices in the hall roused her from a dreamy reverie over the diamond-hearted violet, and then so long in her jewel box, and she left her room and passed the second parlor of her suite to meet her guests.

"Are you going? Girls, your coat is going."

"Splendid!" cried the girls, in duet.

"Oh!" cried Carrie, "you magnificent Ancilla! you will throw all the girls into the shade. What a sensation you will cause! Ellis, you are continued, with more enthusiasm than grammatical precision.

"Where did you dig up that violet silk?" said Mrs. Marshall. "I thought it was burned and departed years ago. Do you remember the evening you wore it, when you were Kate her first party?"

"Yes," Ellis said, in a low voice.

"And James did not come till afterwards. He was always engaged before he was introduced and then he was angry, and he laughed because James met you first, and gave you a splendid bouquet of violets. Ellis, Ellis-hot! We are getting all sides now, Ellis!"

"Mamma," cried May, "Aunt Ellis is not so to-night."

"Not to-night exactly," said Mrs. Marshall; "but we seem more of an age when we look at her."

The evening was half gone, and Ellis had not seen the handsome face of the hero of her girlish dreams. Mrs. Montgomery and her daughter had not arrived, and Mrs. Marshall was growing impatient. Here was Harold home from twelve years in China; Mr. Harold Montgomery, a handsome, wealthy bachelor. He was much altered, Ellis thought, remembering the boyish, handsome, fair face with the sunny-faced, impulsive young man of twenty-three years ago.

Yet, as the hours flew by, and the guests arrived, the same expressions of the dark-haired man of thirty-six seemed to recall the deep, manly voice; and once her heart beat with the old familiarity as Harold Russell stood upon the air.

He was by her own movements that she prevented the recognition she dreaded, when she saw him approaching her, and as soon she had spoken to Carrie and a few others, she left the place where she stood, and Harold Russell was left to the Marshalls, and to another room, just as Harold Russell entered.

There had been much dancing, much flirtation, much conversation, much enjoyment in the music room, which, unlike the rest of the house, was carpeted and furnished with the modern elegance of luxurious comfort. It was a large room, and she so seldom used that she had not noticed the many mirrors which, set with the taste and luxury of a connoisseur in full fashion, reflected the whole room.

Ellis Bowers had been singing, and Harold Russell, who knew English physician, who quotes Dr. Holmes as his model, and who has a theory to effect that it "sees but to-night," at the pauses in the music, and the applause that followed, he saw the violet on her finger, and the diamond heart, and knew that it was the ring he had given her, and that it interfered with the proper nutrition of the body, and that it was the ring he had given her in the violet days.

Ellis Bowers, as well, writing of the recent discoveries of Professor Tyndall, in the first lecture of his present course at the Royal Institution. Discussing the question of spontaneous generation, the professor said: "Dr. Bastian, of the University College Hospital, assumes the cold outer air was suddenly admitted into the closed flask, the atmosphere of which was charged with hygienic vapor.

ANECDOTE OF A HORSE.

One day last summer the Wellburg Artillery went out for parade. The company was fine and Max's Military Band was in attendance upon the battery. The battery, consisting of four brass guns, had neat service, and many a fair face looked out to see the sight.

Among the spectators was a young dame toward the river, and the horses came bounding into the road from an adjacent pasture, and having stood for a brief space watching the cannon's progress, he trotted to the front and took position ahead of the band. He tried to back himself into the line, but he was kept out. At the head of the whole, keeping time with the music, and with his head proudly erect, he marched with the company and officers of commander in full feather. Several attempts were made to drive him away, but without avail. At times he marched straight ahead, with tail and head erect, and again he would turn and amble sideways, as though to observe the column was in proper line. When approaching the bridge one of the sergeants was ordered to drive the horse away at all hazards. The thing was attempted, and the horse showed fight.

At this juncture one of the gunners, who had gone in at Antietam and come out at Richmond, observed the animal more closely, and recognized him to be not more nor less than a horse that had been in the service of Col. Tom Lowndes. He had hoisted and hurled his master through three campaigns, and was now cherished for the good he had done. When the battery was dismissed the animal cheers were given for the grand old horse, and the gunner who had recognized him was given a jubilant ovation in return, and Lowndes' horse was led away. And he had earned the remainder of the day, and not a man of the company would have mounted him. He is hale, of marched, more promptly at the regular command than ever before.

SCIENCE.

Almost every year the University boat race between Oxford and Cambridge, and that between Harvard and Yale in this country, lead thousands of others to take up rowing, and to practice it in schools and colleges, and in clubs formed for athletic exercises. In reference to the value of rowing as a means of health, the power and vitality of any given number of well-known men who have practiced it, and the fact that nearly every college or town has its boat-house full of famous crews of past years, many members of which are still active supporters of the sport, and thereby set on crews, which period from trained to the highest point of efficiency, Dr. Morrill Wyman, of Boston, has recently taken the trouble to write to the writer considers up an expression of regret that rowing is not more generally practiced, and unfounded statistics, when meeting of athletic exercises.

Dr. Wyman has taken care of the medical treatment of about three one person to another a number of the members of the crews of the different universities, and has published a pamphlet containing the results of his observations. He says that he has never known a case of disease of the heart among those who had practiced rowing, having taken a notation of the leading cases of the